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# THEOCRITUS

BY MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

*δ' ου πολέμους, δ' ου δάκρυα*

Not of war, nor of tears did he build his song,  
For the hills and the fields and the shepherd throng  
Are caught in his delicate net of words,  
With the dread wood-nymphs and the grey sea birds.  
Daphnis, he sang. "Daphnis is dying now.  
Ye violets bear thorns, ye cattle bow  
Your heads and weep for Daphnis." And he sang  
Of Polyphemus till the meadows rang.  
Of Aeschines he sang; then bowed his head  
And sang of Amaryllis loved, yet dead.  
Then in a gladdened tone he told the tales  
Of goatherds' loves in still Sicilian vales.  
There the cicada with a noisy note  
Chirped in the pine tree while the poet wrote.  
Within his verse he caught the hum of bees  
That haunt the flowers underneath those trees.